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AGRICULTURE.

SHEPHERD DOGS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I have just come in possession of a young shepherd dog, which I wish to train to drive sheep. Can you, or some of your readers, tell me how to proceed.

WOOL GROWER.

[REMARKS.—We would prefer to have some of our readers more familiar with training shepherd dogs, give you the necessary information. But, we are sorry to say, our readers, generally, are altogether too modest to appear in print. And we fear if we should leave the answer entirely to them, you would not get the required information. We hope, however, that those who have had experience will give it, for, in the present high price of labor, every thing calculated to save it, deserves encouragement; and we know of no greater labor saver to the stock grower than the shepherd dog. It is useful not only in driving and herding sheep, but is equally valuable in driving cattle, hogs, &c.

We have seen it somewhere stated that those having the best trained dogs commence by suckling them upon a ewe soon after birth. A gentle ewe is selected, one that has lost her lamb, or it is taken from her. The ewe is held for the first few days while the pup relieves her of her milk. She soon becomes familiar with the pup and allows it to suckle at will.—She even becomes attached to it, and will defend it as she would her own offspring. She is of course kept in a small inclosure until an attachment is formed, and then both ewe and pup are turned with the flock to look out for themselves. The flock soon become familiar with the pup and consider its company all right, if not indispensable, as the dog increases in age. The sheep easily distinguish it from other dogs, even of the same litter.

This plan is practiced more particularly in Mexico and South America, and we believe in Scotland. By thus raising the dog with the sheep, it becomes a part of the flock, and will never leave it. The herdsman can go away for days—the dog, during his absence, taking entire charge of the flock, and even defending it from its enemies. And well authenticated accounts exist of dogs actually dying of starvation, where the master has overstaid his time. The dog would not leave the flock to save its life—neither would it take a lamb or sheep, though pinched by hunger.

Probably none of our readers will go to this trouble of raising a dog. When so raised, there is but little labor in teaching it its duties. It soon imperceptibly acquires the necessary knowledge. Where dogs are not thus raised, it is more difficult to train them.

In the first place, they should have but one master, one trainer. A warm attachment must exist between the dog and master. Patience is the first virtue the master must cultivate. He must never allow himself to get angry and punish the dog in his rage. He must be kind to his charge. He must teach the dog to obey in everything. This must be taught from its very

infancy—it must be engrailed in its very nature. You must then be very sure to let the dog know what you want it to do, and you must see that it does it. Don't expect too much of it—let it learn little by little, and let it learn that little thoroughly before you go any farther. Use but few words, and always have them the same when the same thing is wanted. But shepherd dogs are usually trained almost altogether by signs—always using the same signs for the same object. If it is desired to turn the sheep from the right to the left. The right hand is used, showing what is wanted. If from the left to the right, the left hand is used. If you wish to have the flock stopped, a motion is made by the hand to surround by the right, or left, and then the hand is held up to show the dog you want it to stop. Of course, every one can have signs to suit himself, but they should be simple and few as possible. It is remarkable with what attention a dog will soon learn to watch his master to catch his every wish.

The shepherd dog is remarkably intelligent, and if your young dog has an ascertained pedigree, and you will use it with your sheep constantly, and not let others handle and spoil it, it will soon learn what is wanted and perform its duties with zeal. If it has had its own way and acquired considerable age, it has learned bad habits, and it will be very difficult to make a good dog of it; but constant practice, united with kindness and patience, may make it all you desire.]

DROUGHT IN CALIFORNIA.

In California they have also had drought—drought in that drouthy country that knocks all drouths into the shade. Probably hundreds of thousands of cattle and horses have died in some cases over ten thousand on a single ranche.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "I accidentally picked up to-day a copy of the *Country Gentleman* of Sep. 5, 1861, containing an account of a California ranche, or ranches, belonging to one man, which comprises 230,815 acres, upon which he had 18,000 head of cattle, and 3,000 head of horses! The sequel to this paragraph can now be written, and it is sad. In the beginning of 1863, his cattle numbered 30,000. To-day he is a poor man! His failure is attributed to the losses he has sustained from the drouth."

The usual amount of rain had not fallen during the winter, which is their growing season—no rain falling during the summer. Only in the mountains could herbage be obtained in anything like an ordinary amount. Many cattle were saved by driving them on to the mountains. But all, nor half, could not be driven there. Those living at a distance suffered—and here is where the decimation took place. The writer goes on: "During the spring and early summer of 1862, I passed leisurely up the San Joaquin valley. Herds of tens of thousands of cattle dotted the plains as far as the eye could reach, and the luxuriant pasture looked like a sea of green, stretching away to the distant horizon."

This is the great difficulty with countries subject to drouth, like California. When it occurs—that is, beyond the usual amount of summer drouth, the consequences are sweeping. But the soil is rich and productive, and the country seems more able in consequence to endure it. It is a peculiar country—an entirely different nature from our Atlantic States.—The climate, soil, fauna and flora—all are different from ours. Indeed, it is only emigration that binds it to us. American enterprise is developing its resources. It is however necessary to a complete variety of the United States, which embrace so large an amount of different soil and climate: California was needed to put on the finishing touch. Here is heat; here the grape grows, so as it grows no where else; here herbage spreads over the mountains and the valleys unmatched in the world; here grain is raised such as would have been considered apocryphal in any age, and is scarcely created now, save by actual observation. The soil is deep, rich—and the climate to match.—Hence luxuriance covers the ground. Such trees are not known elsewhere in the world's annals. And this is the country that is destined to become the luxuriant garden of the world, as well as its mineral gate. The United States needed it; the Western continent; it is fitting here.

We conclude with an extract furnished the California State Geological Survey, by Wm. H. Brewer, from whom we quoted above:

"The party left Visalia early in June, and worked east to the crest of the Sierra, along the divide between the Kings's and Kaweah rivers. After passing the lower foot-hills and attaining an altitude of 4,000 feet, the region becomes heavily timbered with pines and firs. There are occasional meadows, and much feed is scattered through the forests, and cattle have been driven to this feed as far as 70 miles from Visalia, and up to the altitude of nearly 9,000 feet. Good feed exists beyond this fine pasture, extending nearly to the crest, but the country is more difficult of access, and is as yet entirely uninhabited. Along the western slope, at an altitude of 5,000 to 7,000 feet, the 'Big Tree' or giant *Sequoias* are abundant, not merely occurring in isolated groves, as is the case farther north, but are also scattered through the forest in abundance, along with other timber, for a distance of at least 25 miles, along the tributaries of King's, Kaweah and Kern rivers.

Larger trees were met with than occur in the Calveras and Mariposa groves, and they imparted a grandeur to the forests that can only be appreciated by being seen. The largest tree seen by the party is near Thomas' saw mill, and is about forty feet in its greatest diameter: but the Indians tell of a much larger tree north of King's river. The crest of the Sierra rises very high for a distance of more than one hundred miles; in fact, the more prominent peaks for 200 miles rise to above 13,000 feet.—Between the head waters of the King's and Kern rivers, the greatest mass occurs. The highest peak is probably 15,000 feet high. They found it impossible to reach the top and measure it.

Mr. King reached the height of 14,730 feet, but was unable to get higher. Several peaks of this group are over 14,000 feet. This fact was unsuspected before, and makes these mountains the highest in the United States."

COTTAGES FOR LABORERS.

If farmers would build neat cottages—not expensive—for their laborers; they would find it greatly to their advantage. Laborers prefer, generally, to be retired—to be out of the way of the family. If they are single, have a man and wife (in your employ) to board them. Let the single men sleep up stairs, have their stove, table, papers, books, and feel that they are at home there.—One of the greatest drawbacks to farm life, is that you must always have your laborers in the house with you—that there is no retiracy.—Every farmer can remedy this. If you can do no other way, employ some widow lady to cook and wash for your hands. If you will put up a comfortable house for the purpose, you can always find some one glad to go into it, and board your hands.

THE SHOVEL PLOW AGAIN.—*Ed. Rural World*: In answer to A. J. C., Kansas, I would say—In the first place the above implement answers both as cultivator and plow; it pulverizes the ground to a greater depth—which must be done, to raise corn in a dry season; it does not leave much of a furrow; it can be used where the cultivator cannot; and it runs lighter to man and beast. Though I do not wish to discourage the use of the cultivator, I can safely say there are five shovel plows in use, where there is one cultivator double and single, heretofore the reverse.

SUBSCRIBER.

THE PROCESS OF FATTENING.—Dr. Voelcker lately delivered an interesting lecture before the Maidstone Farmers' Club, in which he conveys, in condensed form, much valuable information on the subject of the "Rearing and Fattening of Stock." He pointed out that this process consists, to a great extent, in the replacing of water in the animals by fat. In store pigs, for instance, about 61 per cent. of live weight is water while in fat pigs the proportion is reduced to 43 per cent. The organization of oxen, sheep and pigs respectively governs the character of the feed by which the change may be effected to the best advantage; and this organization therefore, is worthy of the closest study.

PLOWING SOD.

Remarking upon the treatment of old sod, the Editor of the *Country Gentleman* says: "If the soil is deep, or the sub-soil good, it may be advisable for the purpose of destroying the weeds, to turn the whole under about one foot, by means of a large Michigan plow, drawn by a heavy team."

This plowing is to be done in the spring.—Now, it will all do well enough to turn down sod in the spring as a general thing. But we think in the case as mentioned above, fall plowing should be resorted to. To bring up the raw under soil, and plant or sow on at once, is not so good as to turn down in the fall, so as to give the frost and rains of winter a chance to mellow and prepare the soil. Where but little of the original soil is brought up, it matters less. But the virgin under-soil is somewhat like raw or unrotten manure, or like muck, and should first have the ameliorating influence of the elements.

BUTTER MAKING.

A correspondent of "The Circular," who had charge of the Butter Dairy of the Oneida Community, says:

With the aid of investigations and experiments, I finally developed a plan of butter making which produced very satisfactory results, and which I am satisfied is adapted to the production of excellent butter at all seasons of the year.

NECESSARY CONDITIONS.—Nearly all authorities on Butter making agree, that every thing used in and about the dairy should be kept clean, free from taint of every description; that the milk should be set in a light and airy place, and be kept at a temperature ranging from 55 to 60 degrees; that the milk should be frequently examined, in order that the cream may be removed at the proper time (if the cream remains on the milk too long it loses its best flavor); that the time which milk should stand before skimming depends upon many causes, such as the season, state of the atmosphere, feed of the cows, &c.; that after the cream is removed from the milk, it may be kept before churning a short time in nearly the same temperature as the milk of the dairy; that if occasionally stirred the churning process will be facilitated.

CHURNING AND PACKING.—Have the cream about 60 degrees when churned—better in summer at 56 deg.—as soon as the butter comes wash it in several waters (in ice-water in summer,) i.e., until the butter-milk is all out, and the water in which the butter is placed is perfectly clear. Then salt it (1 oz. to the lb.) and work the salt in evenly with a ladle or butter-worker. Great pains must be taken to work the salt into the butter evenly, otherwise it will look streaked and its taste will vary. Then pack down immediately, and cover with brine. This method of packing butter more effectually excludes the atmosphere from the butter than any other plan I have seen; and this appears to me an essential point in the art of butter-preserving. I think it will be found much easier to make good butter than to keep it good.

WORKING BUTTER.—I judge that more butter is injured in the process of "working" as it is termed, than by any other means. It is rightly assumed that the buttermilk must be entirely separated from the butter; but this may be effected in various ways. If performed with the ladle or roller the grains or globules of the butter are very likely to be seriously injured, rendering the butter as a whole salvy or oily, and greatly damaging the flavor. Besides this method of freeing the butter from the buttermilk often takes away the brine as well as the milk, leaving the butter too fresh. Then more salt is added, which will remain in the butter, partly held in solution, and partly not, unless the already over-worked butter is put through the rolling and ladling process again. Hence my conclusion that the better way is to have the butter come hard, and with little buttermilk (which can always be done if one has the right sort of churn, and a supply of ice,) and wash out the buttermilk with cold water (the colder the better,) and afterwards work the butter only sufficiently to have the salt evenly distributed through it.

Miscellaneous Remarks.—There may be methods of butter-making and preserving, superior to that indicated above; and therefore I rejoice in the present discussion of the subject. I have, for instance, heard it objected, that the washing of butter takes away some of its sweetness and virtue. I am not prepared to deny this assertion. But I am certain that very good butter may be made and preserved for a long period by the plan described above.

Butter, I am satisfied, is also often injured by remaining too long a time after it is churned, before it is packed in tub or jar. It should be packed as soon as may be after the buttermilk is separated from it, and it is properly salted. Never wait to put it through a second or third working.

The butter sent to market from small dairies is not generally so good as from large ones—partly owing perhaps to the fact that the former cannot fill a tub at one packing, and the butter in the partly-filled tub is not properly excluded from the air by a covering of salt or brine. This remark is of course more particularly applicable to butter-making during the summer months. I think the butter of small dairies would in many cases be improved by the use of smaller sized tubs or firkins.

It must not be forgotten in our philosophizing this subject, that the quality of feed has much influence upon the quality of butter produced. The grass and other products of the soil are more nourishing, and better adapted to the production of rich, sweet milk, in some portions of the country than in others.

It should be borne in mind that all matter used as absorbents of manure, must be dry, or it will not absorb the juices of the manure.—Hence, green saw-dust is only so much foreign matter in the manure heap: so with wet soil.

The mind is capable of bearing much study; but embarrassment hurts it. It distracts, confuses, and may entirely derange.

Swine are great eaters; so are human swine—and yet they are not ashamed of it.

Poultry Yard.

THE DORKING FOWLS.

This breed of fowl was described by Pliny, by Columella, and by Aldrovandus; and has long been known to naturalists as the *Gallus Pentadactylus*, or five-toed hen. The breed is of great antiquity; possibly the "couple of short-legged hens" which Justice Shallow, of Gloucestershire, ordered for the entertainment of Sir John Falstaff, may have at least been closely related to it. Some suppose it to have been introduced by the Romans, as they esteemed a breed of fowls characterized by five toes; and a five-toed variety existed in ancient Greece, for such is noticed by Aristotle.

The name Dorking originated from a town of that name in Sussex, England; but why cannot be readily answered, for when Camden wrote his *Britannia*, in 1610, Dorking was so inconsiderable as not even to be mentioned by him, and in his map of Surrey it is marked a mere village. The fame of Dorking poultry was established in England about 125 years ago; and from that time the greatest care and attention have been paid to their breeding.

The first Dorkings brought to the United States were introduced in about the year 1840, by L. F. Allen, of Black Rock, New York.

Of the Dorkings there are three varieties: the white, gray and speckled. The white has been supposed to be the Dorking of old fanciers. B. P. Brent says: "The old Dorking, the pure Dorking, the only Dorking, is the white Dorking;" and that the speckled or gray Dorking is a recent and improved cross, by which the size was much increased between the original white breed and the Malay, or some other large fowl; but I cannot assent to such a proposition. Columella's favorite sort of hen could not differ much from the speckled Dorkings as they at present exist. He says: "Let them be of a reddish or dark plumage, and with black wings. Let the breeding hens, therefore, be of a choice color, a robust body, square built, full-breasted, with large heads, with upright and bright red combs; those are believed to be the best breed which have five toes."

Columella had the white sort, but he rejected them, for he advises: "Let the white ones be avoided, for they are generally both tender and less vivacious and also are not found to be prolific;" and such seems to be the prevailing opinion of many poultry-fanciers in the nineteenth century. The gray and speckled Dorkings above referred to have of late been prodigious favorites at all the poultry-shows in England and Scotland, and are bred to a great size and beauty; in fact, they are larger and heavier birds than the white. When exhibited, rose and single-combed fowls compete together, but it is imperative that all their combs in one pen shall be alike. In plumage, also, the birds in pen should match, although almost any variety as to color is tolerated. The gray Dorking is a large, plump, compact, square-made fowl, with short legs and ample furnishing. The fifth toe must be well developed, and size is a very important point. The following is from the pen of Mr. John Baily, the best judge of these fowls of any person in the world: "One of the most popular colors for hens in the present day is that known as Lord Hills. The body of these birds is of a light slate color, the quill of each feather being white; the hackle is that known as silver, being black and white striped; the breast is slightly tinged with salmon color. The next class is a larger one—the grays. These may be of any color provided they are not brown; ash cobweb with dark hackle, semi-white with dark spots, light gray, pencilled with darker shades of the same color. With all these the most desirable match for a cock is one with light hackle and saddle, dark breast and tail; I advisedly say dark in preference to black, because I think servile adherence to any given color too often necessitated the sacrifice of more valuable qualities. I look on a fine Dorking cock with no less admiration if his breast be speckled and his tail composed of a mixture of black and white feathers; and such a bird is a fit and proper mate for any gray hens—but the gray must not be confounded with the speckle; these have a brown ground with white spots. One of the best judges I know of a Dorking fowl, properly describes them as brown hens covered with flakes of snow.—These speckled hens are of two distinct colors: the first is known as Sir John Cathcart's color; the pullets are of a rich chocolate, splashed or spotted with white; the cocks are either black-breasted reds without mixture, or spotted like the hens on the breast and partially on the body—it is no objection if the tail is partially colored—another speckle is of a grayish brown spotted with white; these hens should have a cock with dark hackle and saddle, and the wings and back should show some red or chestnut feathers. These last are not essential, but a light cock will not match speckled hens. Next we have brown hens; these should have a black-breasted red cock, but a speckled one will pass muster."

In the silver gray, the cock should have black breast and tail, and white hackle on the neck and saddle. The hen should have a white hackle streaked with black light gray body, with light shafts to the feathers and a robin breast.

In size, the Dorking ranks next to the large Asiatic tribe. It is short-legged and large bodied, and readily accumulates flesh, which is of a very good quality. Mowbray, when he wrote, ranked them in size in the third degree of the largest of fowls. The weight of the Dorking at maturity varies from five to eight pounds, and full grown Capons have been known to weigh from ten to twelve.

The Dorking hen is rarely a layer of more than twenty eggs when she becomes broody. The eggs are usually of a clear white, but sometimes of an ashy-gray color, rather larger in size, weighing from two and three-fourths to three ounces each; rounded at both ends and of a rich flavor. They are excellent sitters and good mothers.

Dr. Eben Wight of Boston says: "So far as my experience has gone the Dorkings are decidedly the best breed for laying; the eggs come abundantly and are of the largest size, except when they have been bred in-and-in too much."

In fact, this breed of fowl cannot be bred in-and-in like other breeds, and such is the greatest drawback to breeding them in this country, unless a fresh-imported cock be introduced almost yearly amongst the hens. Many breeders of Dorkings, fearing almost total ruin in their chicken department, introduce a game cock; but though he may replenish the yard with a robust stock of chickens, I am averse to any method adopted which destroys the purity of a breed of fowls so excellent as these, and therefore can only advise this breed of poultry to be selected by those who either have the means or facilities of obtaining an imported cock at least every second year. For this reason Mr. Dixon says, after speaking of their good qualities: "With all these merits they are not found to be a profitable stock unless kept thorough-bred and unmixed. Their powers seem to fail at an early age. They are also apt to pine away and die just at the point of reaching maturity particularly the fairest specimens—that is, the most thorough-bred, are destroyed by this malady."

The following is an extract from the Derby and Chesterfield *Reporter*: "The common sense of the public has brought back the Dorking fowl to its wonted pre-eminence. At the sale after the *Metropolitan Show*, and also at the *Birmingham Exhibition* of 1854, the Dorking fowl met with a readier sale at larger prices than any other kind. The public has recognized it as the bird for the English farm-yard; it is altogether the pet of John Bull, as possessing great and good qualities without ostentation and clamor. The history of our country-town records no less than three poultry sales by public auction; and, at each of those, the Dorking fowl obtained the highest bidding—good hens selling for as much as thirty shillings (seven dollars and fifty cents) each; and further, the most successful breeders of Dorking fowls are, at this moment, selling their eggs readily at three guineas (fifteen dollars) per dozen."

It must be borne in mind that at the time of the writing of the above, the Brahma Poultry was but little known, and though the Dorking has many fine points (especially the delicacy and flavor of its flesh and handsome appearance when presented to the gourmand,) there is the one fatal objection to its being reared with success by the American farmer, and which I have described above.

Mr. Trotter, who received a prize from the Royal Agricultural Society, of England, for the best "Essay on Poultry," devoted only eighteen lines to the Dorking fowl, and said, "this breed degenerates when removed from its native place." And as I cannot believe he meant a removal from its native town to other parts of England, I must conclude he meant a removal by exportation, because he might as well attempt to deduce that an Alderney cow would degenerate by a removal from the island of that name in the English Channel to the meads of Sussex, Surrey or Kent.

I have already stated I believe the gray or speckled Dorking to be better than the white; and as the first consideration is the breeding-stock, I would advise, in an ordinary farm-yard, to begin with twelve hens and two cocks—the latter should agree well together.

Too much pains cannot be taken in selecting the breeding-fowls. They should not only be of the best breed, but the best of the breed. I should choose them with small heads, taper necks, broad shoulders, square bodies, white legs, and well-defined, fine claws. It may be well here for me to state why the speckled or gray are to be preferred to the white Dorking. They are larger, harder, and fatten more readily; and although it may appear anomalous, it is not less true, that white-feathered poultry has a tendency to yellowness in the flesh and fat.

S. M. S., in *Wilkes' Spirit.*

AN INQUIRY.—*Ed. Rural World:* Can you, or any of your readers, tell me how to kill Persimmon sprouts. I am troubled very much with them. I have tried various ways. I tried to take them out six or eight inches in the ground, but they still appear thicker. C. T. R.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SMOKING CHIMNEYS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Can you tell me how to cure smoking chimneys. I have recently moved into a new house, and am annoyed very much by my chimneys smoking. If you can tell me what to do, you will confer a favor I shall not soon forget.

RURAL.

[REMARKS.—The cause of your chimneys smoking, is a want of draft. Secure that, and you avoid the annoyance. But how to do that, is the puzzling question. Your chimney has been improperly constructed. The too prevailing fault is, in giving them too large a throat just above the point the blaze of the fire reaches. By having the throat as large as the balance of the chimney, no draft or but little, is secured. The throat should extend across the fireplace, but should be contracted to a width not exceeding four inches, so that the rising air above may draw the air through this aperture with considerable velocity, as it will do—thereby always securing a draft. This is the great secret in chimney building—to have a narrow throat. The back of the fireplace, by standing out well in the room, will throw out the heat, and the chimney should be made to enlarge immediately above the throat. The throat should not be too high—just at the highest point the flame commonly reaches. If higher, it will not draw well—if lower, too much heat will be lost.

It may be that your chimneys have been made too large. The air does not become heated, and consequently the chimney does not draw well. The air must become rarified to ascend and carry with it the smoke; and if the column of air is too large, it is a long time in becoming rarified, and it requires much heat to keep it in that state.

Sometimes chimneys smoke on account of the wind sweeping over a hill or high building, striking the top of the chimney, and driving down the smoke. In this case, a cap of some kind that will prevent this, and allow the smoke to pass off, must be put on, or the chimney may be contracted at the top. The first point is to ascertain the cause of the smoking, and then remove it. Another fact to be remembered is, the higher the chimney, the greater the draft.

CURE FOR CRACKED TEATS.—"Dairyman" inquires the best remedy for cracked teats. Knowing that glycerine was a cure for chapped hands, we thought it would be good for cracked teats, and having a cow with bleeding teats, we applied the glycerine after milking daily, and in ten days a perfect cure was effected. We think there is no better application.

To Breeders of Trotting Horses.

The fast Trotting Stallion "Young Hambletonian," will make a season at or near the Mound City Track, on the Olive Street Road, four and a half miles west of the city, commencing May 1. He has taken two premiums in the great ring of Roadster Stallions, at two of our St. Louis Fairs. For great speed as a trotter, fine style, beauty and perfection of form, strength of muscular development, kind disposition, and all good qualities, he is believed to be without a rival in the West. He is by the celebrated Messenger Stallion Hambletonian; his dam by Henry May Day, he by the celebrated running stallion Sir Henry. The Messenger blood is now regarded as the best for trotters.

The following testimonial from well-known dealers and breeders of trotting horses in St. Louis is given.

To the Breeders of Trotting Horses: The undersigned citizens of St. Louis City and County, take great pleasure in recommending to the breeders of Trotting Stock, the Messenger Stallion YOUNG HAMBLETONIAN. We believe him to be one of the best trotting stallions that will make a season in the vicinity of St. Louis.

Daniel Glasgow, A. Phillips,
John Busby, John Williams,
A. R. Taylor, Thomas Best,
Thos. T. January, C. D. Blossom,
James Almond, James Lupe,
Porter Leonard, Philip C. Taylor.



HORTICULTURAL.

Sheep in Orchards—Pruning Trees, &c.
EDITOR RURAL WORLD: I see an article from an exchange in your journal, strongly advocating the policy of turning sheep into orchards, for the benefit of the orchard.

Last year, the proprietor of the place I now live on being temporarily absent, his wife had the sheep turned in on the orchard, to eat the young cockle-burs and clover. The orchard was seven or eight years from graft, and had been planted out six years; had been in clover two years. He returned in three or four hours, and learning what had been done, immediately proceeded to the orchard, when he found every sheep busily at work barking the apple trees, although the blue grass and clover were abundant. Fortunately none of them had quite girdled any of the trees, but all of the latter were much injured, and would have been killed in a few hours more.

One of my neighbors turned his goats into his orchard. They very speedily girdled and killed a number of his trees.

I bought this farm last February, and the above two examples have deterred me from purchasing either sheep or Angora goats—for fear a gate might be left open and these animals get in—for I would rather have good fruit than all the mutton in Missouri.

In some of your old numbers, several of your correspondents urge the propriety of pruning apple trees to an open top—something like a saucer. That has also been tried here with fatal results. The limbs bend with the burden of fruit, and their unsheltered bark, exposed to the full blaze of the sun, is speedily cracked and killed. We find it best to leave one upright shoot to protect the laterals.

I see a number inquiring in the agricultural papers if there is no plan to eradicate black locust. The way is simple enough. In the driest and hottest part of summer denude the tree of its bark from the ground up to the first limbs. The tree will peak and pine until frost, and then die, roots and all. I have seen it done and had it done. There will be no suckers. Sprouts and suckers may be treated in the same way, in cases where the black locust has been thoughtlessly cut down green. A. E. T.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

WALKS.

BY A. S. MILLER.

Walks, to be useful, should have some object in view; a summer-house, an arbor, rustic seat, &c.; as used as an approach to the out-houses, stabling, &c.

To be convenient, they should start from a point on the street line nearest to our place of business; not too steeply graded—yet, if necessarily steep, well guttered to prevent washing; of material that would render no uneasiness to pedestrians, as stone flagging, bricks, pebbles laid in cement; not so narrow as to render single file marching necessary—as ladies always prefer to walk side by side: and it is they who frequent our walks most in their hours of recreation—yet, not too wide. Five feet is a sufficient width for small places, and eight feet for larger grounds.

To be ornamental, they should be composed of gentle curves, not straight lines at right angles to each other, nor crooked lines; but seemingly to avoid some natural or artificial obstruction, as flower-beds, clumps of trees, shrubs, uneven surfaces, &c.

To avoid undue multiplication of walks—as an uninterrupted lawn of green is preferable to one too frequently intersected with walks and carriage-ways; when convenient, let the secondary paths go under the main ways, through culverts wide enough on top to permit of shrubbery being planted on either side of these main walks, thus hiding any walk from the view of the other, besides giving to a small place the appearance of extent.

PEAT FOR STRAWBERRIES.

Much manure will kill strawberries; too rich ground therefore is not good for them. We have seen this thoroughly tested; we have tested it ourselves. The vines will sicken and die.

It will be asked, "How is it with poor soil?" It is the same. The two extremes must be avoided. "Ah, but this doesn't look natural: I have seen excellent strawberries in rich soil—black with richness, with lots of manure applied; and I have seen it applied and eaten the berries." All of which is right, my friend, for I have seen the same—but, was not the ground poor before the manure was applied? If so, that accounts for it, for it takes much manure to make poor ground passively rich. Even if the ground was pretty rich, the manure might have been leached—it's strength pretty well gone. Such manure, however, is the thing for strawberries. It is allied to chip manure and leaf manure, which are just the manures for strawberries. Why? Because they lighten the soil, and add carbonaceous matter, the proper food for this berry. Not but that it wants other foods; but this, it seems, is its favorite. At least the fact is here, that strong animal manure is not tasteful to this plant. But wood manure is—its sweet juices are relished.

Now, allied to this is peat or muck. For strawberries, this is what is wanted—and we may say for all kinds of berries, though the strength of stable manure is known to have produced blackberries in abundance.

If you have rotted wood manure, of any kind, whether of chips, leaves, the light soil of new land, or swamp muck—they are all good, you need but apply them plentifully: not without reason, indeed. Where you have naturally a light soil, already charged with rotted wood matter—for instance, the soil of new land, or a reclaimed marsh, or muck land—here you need manure from the barn-yard or hog pen, unless your soil is quite rich. But, take a general soil, such as we find—and such is generally deficient in wood matter—preparation is necessary, or there will be a light crop—with some sorts of berries no crop at all. The Wilson, however, will grow in any common soil, and yield something in most parts of the country. When highly enriched, it will yield abundantly for it bears manure better than many others.

Peat must not be lifted upon the soil—worked with it, and the soil then planted. This will not do; it often hurts, because the peat is raw, and sour, and heavy. It is offensive to the rest of the soil. It must first be prepared. Be not frightened now at this trouble. Simply throw out your muck, and let the heat and the frost manage it; spread it out so that the elements can take hold of it. This will rot it. And then apply as manure. But if you wish to facilitate the operation, put the peat into a compost heap; i.e., mix a little lime, ashes, and some stable manure with it, and there soon will be fermentation, decomposition, and your peat will be rotted and fit for use. In such a way a field may be prepared. Apply your peat or compost—whichever you choose—in the fall, if possible; spread broadcast and close and finely to the ground. The frost then will further help it. Re-plow and mix thoroughly in the spring. Dressings during the summer with liquid manure, will greatly benefit the plants. Your crop will be large, your berries will be sweet. F.G.

HABITS OF THE CHINCH BUG.

B. E. Flehardt, North Prairie, Knox Co., Ill., gives the following reasons why the plan of sowing Spring wheat upon unplowed corn stubbles tends to prevent the ravages of that terrible pest of wheat growers in Illinois, the chinch bug. The bugs that lay eggs in the Spring do not deposit them until the wheat is up. Then they work their way deeply down in loose ground and fasten their eggs upon the fibrous roots. He says: Last Spring he carefully extirpated some wheat that was in some very loose ground, and it was astonishing beyond anything I ever saw of the kind; the little roots were literally loaded with eggs. Where this took place the ground was broken in the Spring, and the wheat was not worth cutting. That which was harrowed in when the ground was thawed about two inches deep, yielded me about twenty bushels per acre: these little pests can't work in hard ground to deposit their eggs on the roots, so their are no young bugs. Now let every farmer make all the inquiry he can

and see if this theory does not hold good. One thing should be remembered: the bugs do not choose to lay their eggs in wet ground. D. E. Emerson of Dane county, Wisconsin, says the bugs generally commence on some small dryish patches, because there the ground is more loose and generally deeper than other places, and they can penetrate to the roots to lay their eggs.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SPARE THE BIRDS.

"Dear ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part."

Are there any that love not the birds? It would seem that there are some such, judging them by their acts; and yet I think there is no part of the animal kingdom in which a more general interest is felt than in birds. Who that listens to the song of birds at this season of the year, thinks not of his boyhood, when, thoughtless of Time's passing wing, he has stopped and listened to their song, and watched them building their nests? And who does not find in their sweet notes, a tie that binds his heart to some memory of the past?

What a show we now have of these feathered songsters. Notice the great variety of their forms and beautiful plumage. Look at them as they move from tree to tree, and from branch to branch, what graceful motions!

But, listen! you love music! then listen to the song of the birds at this season of the year. Hear you not those sweet musical voices coming from the trees, the ground, and indeed from all around us? That's what I call music—and sweeter by far than the song of a Jenny Lind.

Who has not listened to the song of the lark, the robin, the ever happy bobolink, the active little house wren, the oriole, the thrush, the mocking bird, the little chirping sparrow?

When the clouds of winter, and its lowering storms have passed away, and the sun shines out with renewed warmth, and the birds once more come among us—who of us, as we listen to the song of the birds, thinks not of his boyhood when he so gladly welcomed the first appearance of the blue-bird, ever one of the first to remind us that "winter was broke?"

Birds are ever around us, but it is in the spring and summer that we become more familiar with them. It is now they are most active in song—in nest-building, and rearing their young. And it is now they are most useful to the farmer and horticulturist, by destroying, as they do, millions of the myriads of noxious insects, which are so injurious to our fruit and fruit trees.

Then, spare the birds; don't begrudge the few cherries or berries they claim as their right. I assure you that you and yours will be more than paid in their music, and by their active efforts to destroy the many injurious insects so destructive to your fruit trees and fruit bushes. Don't kill the birds.

RURALIST.

Macoupin County, Ill.

RAIN, RAIN.—Such a season for planting we have never known. Oats that are generally sown here in February, are hardly in now (May 1st.) It has been impossible to find the ground in condition to plow. Farmers are sorely thrown behind with their work. But few young orchards have been planted, as the ground could not be got in readiness for the trees. We have repeatedly recommended fall as the best time for setting out orchards, and the weather of the past spring has made many wish they had set out their trees last fall.

PROSPECTS OF THE FRUIT CROP.

In many localities, says the Detroit Tribune, there is a fair prospect for a good crop of peaches, while in other places (we are sorry to say, they are rather numerous) the buds seem to be entirely killed, and the inhabitants of those localities will have to give up all expectation of partaking of this delicious fruit from their own raising. The prospect is highly encouraging for a full crop of apples, cherries, plums, pears and all manner of small fruit, pretty generally throughout the State. The western portion of the State, particularly along the shore of Lake Michigan, is destined, at no distant day, to become the great peach-growing district of the Northwest, and as a vine growing section, and for the growth of garden and small fruits generally it will be unsurpassed in this country. Our singular position, surrounded by great bodies of fresh water which remain open during the winter, which exempt us from the unutterable cold and chilling winds that sweep across the great prai-

ries of the West, and in the summer season serve to modify and cool the atmosphere, thus produce a more equable temperature than exists in many of the western States, and even in States some degrees south of us. Showing the increase of apples grown in this State, we may mention that, ten years ago, there was made 2,830 barrels of cider. Last year there was manufactured 64,816 barrels of cider.

[Reported for Colman's Rural World.]

Meramac Horticultural Society.

ALLENROD, April 6, 1865.

The Seventy-seventh Monthly Meeting was held in the School House; President Harris in the Chair. The minutes of the former meeting were read and approved.

A letter from Dr. H. Clagett was read, in which he kindly complied with the request of the Society to prepare and read an Essay on the Circulation of the Sap, at the May Meeting.

A Circular from Dr. Trimble, Entomologist of the State Agricultural Society of New Jersey, &c., in regard to the publication of a "Treatise on the Insect Enemies of Fruit and Fruit Trees."

A letter was read from Anderson Bowles, Esq., giving the history of Bowles Apple, which has been hitherto confounded with the McKinlay and recommended by the Society under the name of McKinlay.

The Fruit Committee reported fine specimens of Jeton, by Messrs. W. Harris and A. M. McPherson.

The Flower Committee reported a very fine Bouquet of early flowers by Miss Ann Muir.

The Executive Committee reported "The Circulation of the Sap" as the subject for discussion at the next meeting.

Attention was called to the Beveredge Willow (sample in bouquet) as a very early and valuable feed for bees and to its attracting immense numbers of a small gray striped curculio-like beetle that was found preying upon the apple blossoms last Spring.

Several members remarked upon the value of the White Willow as a waterbreak in lands liable to overflow, of which there has been so many cases this Spring.

"The best time for Cutting Timber to secure its preservation" being the subject for discussion:

Mr. Davis said, rails cut in August much lighter to handle and last longer than those cut in winter; cut logs for a tobacco barn in August.

L. D. Votaw: Any timber cut so early in the season as to dry thoroughly will last much better—but it will be apt to crack much if it is barked, but it is the bark that harbors the worms.

In most the bark is close upon the timber in the second week of August.

B. F. Jacobs: In taking down some old stables, found some of the logs decaying from the dirt and grain in the cracks, while others were quite sound.

L. D. Votaw: The peeled logs are as old as I am and were in a building before being in the one you took down. The logs with the bark on were cut in the winter and are not half as old as the peeled ones. Peeling the bark off is a positive preventative against worms. I never saw a peeled hickory tree if kept off the ground have a worm in it.

Small rails last best because they dry soonest. Hackberry, pin oak and other "bottom" timber cut large logs inside, from not drying out. It is so with most timbers except post and white oak.

rosts.

G. W. Davis: White oak burned where put in the ground, last well.

L. D. Votaw: Burning is only of value as far as it burns off the sapwood and dries out the timber. When you char you only make the post smaller and gain nothing if it is heart wood.

Mr. Harris: I find in logs that are burned off that the inside rots quickly, as the charring prevents the moisture escaping.

L. D. Votaw: In answer to question, prefers white oak, chestnut or mulberry; but they must be seasoned. Sassafras if large enough to split in four is very good.

President Harris: It is said that for poles small red bud will last four years.

B. F. Jacobs: Red bud lasts longer than any other wood of its size.

M. Sledd: It is so with pawpaw.

President Harris: To put the small end down they last longer. I was passing an old mill, four large posts were in it, and one of the four was quite good and the others were decayed, it seemed to be small end down.

I have some palings got out in July, 1848. The sap on them is quite good, better than some got out in February, 1851, in them the sapwood is gone entirely, the same kind of timber. The Summer split palings are thickest by a third.

Split timber lasts longer than sawed.

Dr. Beale: Split timber is generally of better quality; it requires good timber to split.

M. Sledd: Knows a barn built of peeled hickory logs that is lasting well. They put sycamore rafters in part, and in re-roofing he had to put new rafters in the place of the others, while the sycamore rafters were quite good.

L. D. Votaw: I think there is a great mistake as to the best season for splitting timber. We generally choose the winter as being the coolest, but we will do more work and easier in the end of May and beginning of June.

The Secretary stated some facts proving that view correct.

The President announced the next meeting to be held at Eureka on the first Thursday of May.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

WILLIAM MUIR, Secretary.

FROST, FROST.—On the night of April 23rd we were visited with a very heavy frost. Being away from home, we did not see the degree of frost the thermometer indicated. All kinds of fruit in low lands and valleys have been greatly injured—the apple having of course suffered the least. The germs of the fruit in peach, pear and cherry are nearly all destroyed. Strawberries in bloom have suffered greatly except the Iowa which seems uninjured. Grapes are greatly injured in many places. It was indeed a sad visitation.



AT CHURCH.

Although I enter not,
Yet, round about the spot
Sometimes I hover,
And at the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They've stopped the chiming bell,
I hear the organ's swell—
She's coming—coming.

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping past,
And hastening thither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she's here—she's past;
May heaven go with her.

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint,
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer,
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pass
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see through heaven's gate,
Angels within it. [THACKERAY.]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

GERANIUM LEAVES.

BY MISS MARY A. GARY.

A tiny bunch of leaves! A strange theme for an essay or a poem; yet, as I crush them in my hand, and the faint, rich perfume steals out upon the air, what memories are condensed within that mite of fragrance—what sweet, sad thoughts are awakened by its potent spell! The ebbing tide of years tosses my barque high upon the sands of childhood again, and intervening days seem like some strange, sad dream, while the only reality is my life as I knew it then when I, a child, had just launched out upon the open sea of existence.

How softly, on that morning which I so well remember, the sunlight stole in at the eastern window! How the light breeze shook the dew drops from the bells of the morning glories, and scattered the leaves from the fading June roses that had made the little enclosure of that city yard seem to my childish mind like an embodiment of Paradise! Fair was the day, golden the sunbeams—but a shadow darker than a wintry night brooded over the house. What cared we for the glittering rays? Our home's one sunbeam had departed—was blotted out forever. Abbielle, our darling was dead! The silken curls caressed an ice-cold brow; the restless feet were for the first time still; the tiny hands folded passively. Vainly, we pressed kisses on the mute lips they gave no answering quiver; vainly we used pet names and endearments—ah! we knew well how vainly.

The thought of death had always been very terrible to me—and here he was before me; he had taken my baby sister; almost the only being on earth that I loved; and as I stood by the wee coffin, it seemed as if my heart would break. The coffin was bare—only the still form in its spotless shroud, only the snowy pillows. Were there no flowers to crown our baby now?

Must that sunny head that for two summers had danced among the blossoms—that pure brow I had so often wreathed with buds—lie down away from them forever? Her last words were, "pretty flowers," when, the day before she died, father had carried her into the garden. The bright eyes flashed, as the drooping head was lifted from his shoulder—then fell back wearily. Ah! death was so near. Perhaps the young spirit had a glimpse through the open gates of Paradise, perfume from the amaranth groves had floated near; rippling

waves from the River of Life had sent an echo down to woo her; or, more winningly still, cherub voices whispered, "Come." So she closed her eyes, as if weary of such fading beauty, and was carried to her couch again. To me was given the task of bringing flowers for her coffin. No white roses or waxy buds were to be found in our little garden; so I went elsewhere to seek them. Along the thronged streets, through the busy crowd, I threaded my way alone. I did not like to see so many happy faces—the rude jests of passers by filled my eyes with tears; but half in pity for their ignorance, half in anger for their obduracy, I said to myself, "They don't know little sister's dead."

Vienna street was cool, quiet, shady, removed from the turmoil that agitates the heart of the metropolis; away from the life-tide that pulses through the veins even of the City of Brotherly Love. In the Floral Garden, with its neat borderings of box, all my favorites were in bloom. I had often stood outside the fence and peered with childish eagerness into that wilderness of beauty, with feelings very much like those of the Peri, who

"At the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."

Now, for the first time, I was among them; but somehow I didn't care for anything around me. A cage of canaries hung over the spot where a crown imperial was blooming. I had often watched them there, thinking their music almost divine; now, the chattering of the noisy birds, the hues of the gaudy flower, were repulsive to me, and I shut my eyes tightly as I passed, so I need not see them.

There were tears in the eyes of the little German woman as she broke the cluster of white, half-open buds which I pointed out. I thought that in the distant "Faderland" she had broken flowers for a sister's coffin—I did not dream then that life could know a deeper sorrow. She mingled in the cluster, green rose geranium branches, and nervously catching them from her hand, I hastened home. These, my buds, were placed in the hands almost as tiny and waxy as they; a garland for the coffin pillows; sprinklings of the green leaves to deck the shroud. This was all that our love could do, and baby Abby was ready for the grave. In an hour, every breath of air in that closed room was imbued with the odor of geranium. The perfume stole over my senses with a strange stupefying spell, that I well remember, but cannot describe. Undefined, but soothing thoughts, floated through my mind of a land all flowers and fragrance, with my little, lost idol roving there, crowned with roses and geranium. I did not deem that angels could weave her a crown more fair or fitting.

Long years have passed since then; years in which childish vagaries have been displaced by sober theories and facts; yet never does the faintest breath of that well-remembered odor float around me without reviving the fancies of that day that brought to my life its first realized sorrow—without bringing back with painful vividness the bright brow beneath the coffin lid, that for twelve years has been crowned with immortality.

Let me lay the crushed leaves away, emblem of the memories they awaken. To-night, with faith matured by time, I see a form, glorified, but child-like still, gliding with radiant beauty through the rooms of the "many mansions." Evergreen coronals from the Tree of Life, have taken the place of fading geranium leaves—and there, where "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven," shall I meet again our blossom that the seraphim coveted and won—our loved, but not lost Abbielle.

Brighton, Ill.

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman at a country boarding house, the other day.

"No, sir," exclaimed the darkey, "dat am the secon' ringin' of de fust bell—we has but one bell in dis house."

It is related of Jonah, that when he took up quarters in the whale's belly, he wrote home to his father to come immediately, as he had discovered a splendid opening for the oil business. The next day he telegraphed the old gentleman as follows: "Father, don't come. I'm badly sick in. Plenty of oil, but no market!" This is the first of fish-al account historians give us of the oil business.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

EFFECT OF SUGAR AS A DIET.

There are three things that will not digest—grease, starch and sugar—that is, all oleaginous matter, and sweet of whatever kind. It is therefore, that cream will not agree as well with some people as butter. But the saccharine or sweet principle, is what we have to do with here.

With some individuals coffee will not agree. With all, except the truly rugged, it will disagree in summer. This is the common experience—and yet the best medical testimony is contrary to this. How, then, shall we reconcile the matter? It is the sugar in your coffee that hurts—there is where the difficulty is. And unless you are accustomed to use your coffee without sugar, you cannot use it clear without injury. It is very apt, in such a case, to sicken the stomach. If used as the Turks use it—pure—there results no injury from the use of it. Of course, the abuse must be avoided as in all things. Hence, we are apt to lay to the coffee what belongs to the sugar—particularly is this so in summer when the stomach is weak. The foreign substance (which sugar becomes, being unorganized,) then is felt as an irritant. So it is with potatoes, in a measure, and so, particularly, with fat. When the stomach is strong, as in winter and fall, it can bear impunity any neutral substance; but not when it is delicate, as the great heats of summer make it.

People that can bear tart fruit, can bear it less when sweetened, even with cream. Thus stewed raspberries, blackberries, and particularly currants and cherries, which require much sweetening, are obnoxious. They should be used with as little sugar as possible. So with the fruits in their season. Use as little cream and sugar as is compatible with relish.

It is on this principle—the deleteriousness of the saccharine quality—that preserved fruits are so hurtful. Sugar is more largely in proportion here than is usual. Thus, our domestic wines, which contain much sugar, are hurtful to a weak stomach, however grateful they may be to the taste. Avoid, then, as much as possible, the saccharine principle, and you will still get enough of it. The health will be improved and the comfort of the individual. Candy, we need not mention, is injurious. Many children have been buried in consequence; and the charge laid to the coloring principle. Raisins come under the same head.

Sometimes sweet will sour in the stomach—this aggravates the case—it is the only thing that will ferment (sweet is). How much trouble of this kind do we meet with—the saccharine principle invariably the cause. Sugar, thus, is a more deleterious article than was supposed—and this is the truth of it. We have before called attention to this matter. But sweet is agreeable, and people are very apt to follow these agreeable appetites. Thus we have headache, a prolific effect of this very sweet. So distress in the stomach, breaking up of wind; heart-burn; disagreeable languid feeling—greatly depending upon the use of sweet. A surfeit of sugar will always get up these things, as every "sugar-bush" can testify. Use sparingly of sugar: you cannot do without it entirely—that is impossible, as it enters into all our edibles.

F.G.

EXCITEMENT.

To love is an excitement, as anger is an excitement. In both cases we are very apt to be carried too far. Indeed, excitement, of whatever kind, always carries us beyond judgment—and that is an unsafe ground. Was there ever a man who did not regret excitement? This is daily and extensively done; we are constantly in danger of being carried off our feet by some freak of feeling; and yet we are all seeking after excitement—because it is pleasing to human nature. A man therefore has got to combat—he has got to bestir himself; he has got to mortify this desire for the irrational, hurtful excitement. But we don't do it—we so don't want to do it! and hence are constantly running into error, and almost daily repenting.

Happy they who are calm naturally. Happy they also who have overcome the vice of intemperate excitement.

Self-denial leads to prosperity.

MASONIC MATTERS.

Aspects of Masonry in France.

The Order in France has been in the crucible for many years, and more particularly since Napoleon III. assumed imperial sway. Himself a Mason, he has been its worst enemy, and has not failed to throw every obstacle in the way of its progress—short of positive inhibitions of its meetings. It is well known that if he could use it, he would foster it; and when he cannot make it an instrument to serve the purposes of his ambition, he does not scruple to fetter and imprison it. Napoleon is capable of any act, however unprincipled—of any oppression, however unlawful and inhuman. He lives to be "Emperor of the French"—and for nothing else. Bold, cunning, unscrupulous and ambitious, he hesitates at nothing to carry his purposes: no principle of right—no benevolent object—no Christian or moral code must bar his progress or thwart his purpose. He is, beyond question, the most unprincipled autocrat with which any nation of Europe is cursed; and to-day merits a prison on St. Helena much more than did his ambitious, but more honorable, uncle—the first Napoleon.

We said if he could not use Masonry, he would crush it—and he has tried both alternately. He has feared to forbid it altogether, and has therefore endeavored to corrupt it. In this, aided by the general depravity of the French nation, he has too well succeeded. Five or six years ago, he forbade the meeting of the Craft to elect a Grand Master. Against this a strong protest was presented, and, fearing the secret influence of the Order, he finally appointed a Grand Master, by naming one of his Marshals, (Magnan,) who was not a Mason. The Craft, however, accustomed as the French people are to bow to his imperial sway, accepted the boon, conferred the degrees upon the individual, and received him as their Grand Master! The result has been to place the entire control of the Order in France under the corrupting influence of the corrupt usurper of the throne. When he could not strangle it by the Imperial grasp, he has paralyzed it by corruption, until it has almost lost all its moral power, and become, like the religion of France, an association of practical infidelity.

As an evidence of this, we refer to the efforts now being made in Paris, and other parts of France, to so amend the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, as to ignore entirely the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. The Constitution declares: "The objects of the Order of Free Masonry are benevolence, the study of universal morals, and the practice of all virtues. It has for its base the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and love of mankind." The present effort is to so amend this clause in the Constitution that there shall be no recognition of the existence of God or immortality of the soul. This accomplished, and French Masonry has lost its sign of recognition, and can no longer claim affiliation with the rest of the Masonic world.

But the Order is not yet entirely demoralized, for there is one, at least, who has not "bowed the knee to Baal," but "faithful among the faithless," stands up nobly in support of genuine Masonry. A Bro. Rebold, ex-Deputy of the Grand Orient of France, has dared to protest to the Grand Master against such an abandonment of the fundamental principles of the Order.

In this noble protest, Bro. Rebold has presented a strong and conclusive argument, showing that if this change is made, French Masonry will forfeit all claims to recognition by the rest of the Masonic world. This able champion of the Order states that Freemasonry was imported into France from England, in 1725, "and bequeathed to us by the highest constitutional and legal power, the Grand Lodge of London, upon the condition that we should in every respect conduct ourselves in accordance with the obligations laid down in the Constitution of 1717 of that Grand Lodge, which contains solely a recapitulation of the ancient laws and statutes of the Free Masons of England; and as these obligations have been agreed to, we must respect them, or otherwise forgo the bequest and resign the title of Freemason. The essential foundation of this primordial Constitution of modern Freemasonry is the belief of God, and this idea pervades the symbolism upon which the institution is based; its rites are imbued with it from the beginning to the end.

At the opening and closing of every Lodge grace is said by invoking the great Architect of the Universe, which is the general expression (transmitted from olden time) for the designation of the Supreme Being, and adhered to by men of all persuasions—the Oriental Delta denotes Him in all Lodges throughout the globe.

* * * * * In fine, Masonry is essentially based upon the acknowledgement of the Divinity of God; and should the doing away of the notion of God, in the proposed preamble be accepted, the ceremonies and symbolism, as well as the whole nature of Freemasonry, ought to be changed, and the latter would become, by this means, a mere philanthropic association.

"Although it cannot be contended that every body has not the right of constituting any philosophical society he likes, laying down its plat-

form at his own will and pleasure, no man is allowed to do so with respect to an ancient institution that did not originate in his own country, and which he has accepted on the basis on which it rests. Consequently the bonds of Freemasonry cannot be changed, unless it be by the acquiescence of all fractions of the Craft throughout the Universe. Irrespective of these bases, a new Constitution may certainly be drawn up in accordance with the wants of the country; but changing arbitrarily, and in contradiction to the engagements entered into by our predecessors, the very bases of Masonry, would entail our exclusion from universal Masonry, and deprive the French Masons of the rights and privileges connected with the Order."

We have given enough of this protest to show the spirit and logic which this eminent brother brings to his task. We hope he will succeed in arresting the suicidal act before it was consummated.

To show the present status of the question, it is stated that—"The traditional prayer has, for a long time past, been done away with in the Paris Lodges; more recently the very symbols and explanation have been suppressed, as well as the compulsory philosophic and historic instruction; finally, the two Masonic feasts, and their traditional signification, have been replaced by a mere show, followed up by a banquet. But the spirit of demolition has made new proselytes; at present they want to discard God from Masonry, and for this purpose they propose removing, nay, eliminating his name in the new Constitution of French Masons. Where is this to end? Aye, where is it to end? If the Divinity be dethroned, the temple will soon fall into ruins. If the Hope which Masonry tends to abolish, Masonry itself will soon expire. Such sacrilegious vandalism should be met by the solemn protest of Masonry everywhere; and Masons made under a Constitution which discards God, and the Bible, and Hope, and a hereafter, are not legitimate Freemasons, and should not be recognized as such by the rest of the Masonic world."—*Monthly Review*.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

FOOD FOR WEAK STOMACHS.

A weak stomach cannot bear strong food, if given in any considerable quantity. It is too concentrated—too rich. Thus meats, flour, fat, and esculents highly nutritious—are not fit for weak digestion. The stomach appreciates the nutritive amount of matter, rather than the bulk; it has this property. It knows its measure; and that measure is the amount of food which goes to the needs of the system. It has reference particularly to nutritive properties. If more of these properties are given, whether in small or large bulk, whether concentrated or not—it takes but so much. Hence, a fair meal of concentrated food cannot be managed—cannot be made use of; there is too much of vital matter. Hence, this rich food should be mixed with food that contains less of the nutritive quality.

Thus, it is best to mix fruit with our meat and potatoes—with our bread and butter. This increases the bulk with nearly the same nutritive properties remaining. The bulk is increased; but not the amount of assimilative matter. And this leads us to another principle—the effect of bulk on the stomach. Bulk is required for mechanical convenience. The stomach must have something to work with; and not merely to dissolve. A proper bulk it can take hold of, and handle better, so to speak, than a small concentrated lump. This is the known philosophy of the stomach; and is interesting. There must be the proper amount for the mechanical coat of the stomach to manage; and if that is rich throughout, it is too much for the organ, unless in a vigorous state. A weak stomach must succumb to it.

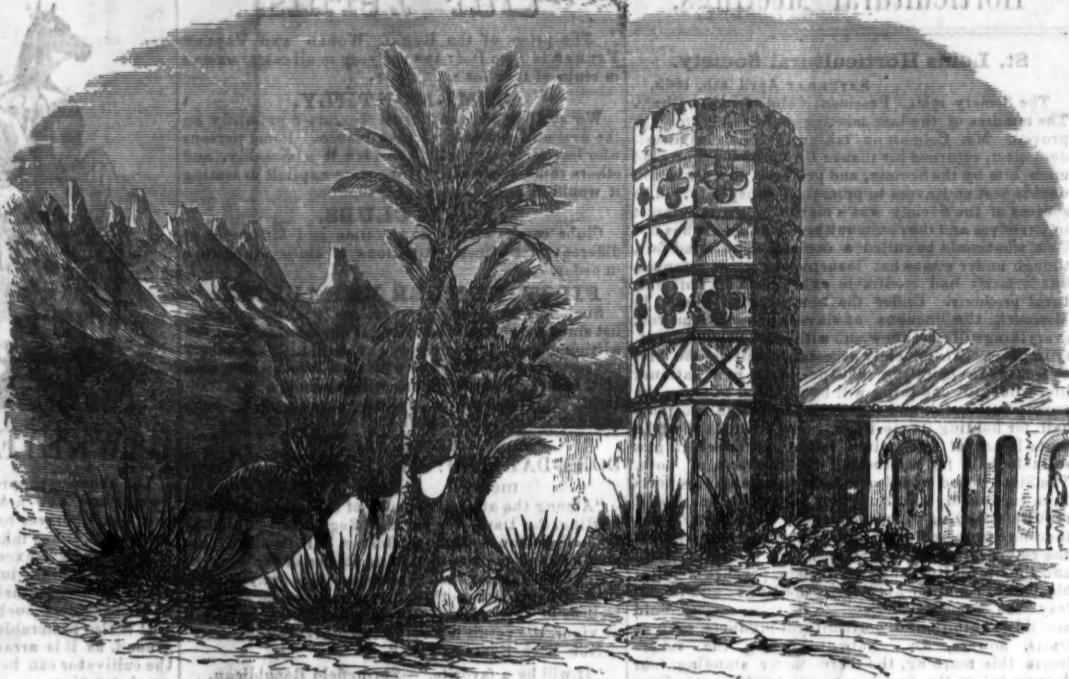
We use berries and apples with our rich animal and farinaceous food. These are to be used not before or after a meal—but mixed with it, taken with it. Thus baked apples are an excellent sauce; stewed berries and other sauces are not only also good, but add flavor, give appetite. Unbolted flour comes under the same principle. It is this which makes the cob ground with the corn so excellent a food for stock. There must be additions to the rich food. Even for healthy digestion it is better. For a weak stomach it is indispensable.

Here we have a clue to the disagreeing of food with the dyspeptic—it is only the rich food that disagrees with him—and quantity has an important bearing in his case. Let us remember all this, and act upon it. F.G.

Thinking is what makes the man. One man will sometimes rule the world. See what a single mind in a neighborhood will effect.

Who is there that has not heard of Mecca, the capital of Arabia, and the birthplace of Mahomet? Mecca is the holy city of the Mohammedans, and every one of that sect is expected to make a pilgrimage there at least once during his lifetime; and it is said that the city is entirely supported by the immense numbers of pilgrims who resort there every year. Not far from the city and in the vicinity of the Ramleah Mountains, is the ruins of the old Minaret, or Mosque, which is shown in the picture. Some Arabs have pitched their tent by the trees and stopped to perform their devotions, as is their custom, every time they pass the ruins. It is astonishing with what pertinacity they venerate anything connected with Mahomet or his religion. They have a temple in Mecca called the Caaba, which was consecrated by Mahomet himself, and appointed to be the chief place of worship for all true

RUINS OF AN OLD MOSQUE NEAR MECCA.



believers in that faith; and such is their veneration for it, that they believe a single sight of its sacred walls is as meritorious as a year's devotion in any other temple. Their churches

are called Mosques; they have priests who perform various religious rites, and are called Imams; they also have ministers that they call Sheiks, who preach on Friday, their Sabbath.

USE OF HORSE FLESH.

"We learn from the foreign journals that the attempts to popularize the use of horse-flesh, have been very successful in Vienna. Several butchers' shops have been opened in the city for the sale of this meat, under the authority of government, and with a regulated superintendence. The permission was first obtained a few years since, but of late the business has considerably increased."

The above is taken from a European journal. A few days since we were invited to a dinner where horse flesh was the only meat to be partaken. At first we very politely declined the invitation. But upon being pressed to be present, and as a number of our friends, who were not in the secret, had promised to be at the dinner party, we concluded to take the matter under advisement. We first considered whether it would answer for us to partake of horse meat. We concluded the horse was a far neater animal than the hog, whose flesh we daily masticated. The horse we knew to be very fastidious in regard to his food—more so than any animal we were acquainted with. So we found no obstacle here.

But then horses are compelled to work! Could we eat a horse that had been driven and worked—that seemed an obstacle. Then we reflected that the poor ox when no longer able to perform his hard task in the yoke, is fattened and unceremoniously sent off to the butcher for roast and boiled beef, which we had eaten all our life.

Having found no sufficient objection, we sat down at the table—preserving a long face, for that was a part of the programme. Soup was first passed around. All pronounced it excellent, but no one could tell what kind it was. It was so highly seasoned, it would have puzzled any one. Many guesses were made—but no conclusion arrived at. Then each one was helped to roast meat. It was dressed with very rich gravy and splendidly cooked. Many thought it venison—some thought it bear meat, some one thing and others another. Excellent native and imported wine was passed around, sharpening the appetite, and the meat and other etceteras rapidly disappeared. But three or four of us were in the secret, and of course we were wondering all the while what meat we were feasting on! At length we out with the secret, but many of our fastidious friends could not be made to believe that we had been feasting on a veritable horse. They composed themselves as well as they could under the circumstances.

The meat was so highly seasoned that we could not pass a fair judgment upon it. It was coarse grained, and we think not very rich or juicy. The animal, of which we partook, was four years old, in fine condition, that had accidentally broken a leg, and was immediately bled to death by a skilful veterinarian.

HUNTING THE PANTH R.

It is generally supposed that the panther is a very ferocious animal; and many stories are told to that effect. Thus at his death-shot he will leap, with one desperate spring, upon his adversary, and tear him to pieces in an instant. We have also heard it stated how that this animal will "yell"; and being answered, will follow the individual; and thus many chases are recorded in the traditions of the country. But these stories are all exaggerated. The panther, truly, is a cowardly animal when in the presence of man—and will run like a wolf or a fox. A little dog, no larger than a cat, will chase him. The difficulty generally is, a man cannot get a shot at him. He has to be hunted and chased like the wildest of animals. This is the evidence of men, who have repeatedly hunted and killed the panther. He is indeed a redoubtable animal, and the most formidable in our forests. But like Cumming's and Gerard's lions, he is overrated.

We have had many stories related to us of the capture of this animal, by men who were old hunters—men of the highest probity—some of them real Livingstones of our American forest. Chauncey Phelps, of Alder Creek, N.Y., is one of them. Mr. P. is a surveyor; his field the Northwoods of the Empire State, where he also follows hunting to some extent. One day, while stretching the chain with another man far in the woods, he crossed the track of a panther. There had been a slight snow fall the night before, so that the track was not only plainly perceptible, but recently made. Pursuit was at once given. The dog was kept in the rear. The men led on—Phelps with his rifle. They followed the track for some time. At last, on a sudden, a panther leaped up before them, and with a tremendous stretch—15 feet, says my informant—struck a tree and went up it. It was a spruce, and up in the dark branches lay the animal, in mortal terror. In truth, the whole party was frightened. The panther had lain under an uprooted tree, and must have been asleep when the men arrived. The scare was probably a perfect one on both sides, as the proximity was almost a contact, ere either was aware of the other's presence.

While the animal was couched, fearful of leaving the tree, Phelps raised his rifle and shot. Then a turmoil in the tree as of great agony; blood trickled down; the animal kept moving from limb to limb—the snow reddened with blood and running down the tree. At last the animal rested. The rifleman then got a fair sight, and fired. The animal dropped down dead. It was a large, full grown panther in the prime of his days—and yet the greatest coward of the woods. And this is a common case.

His flesh was full of porcupine quills—a usual thing in these woods. No doubt the panther often kills this animal, as he is very fond of this kind of meat.

S.T.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Transcribed for Colman's Rural World, from the Marais Castor Receipt Book.]

HUIRE A LA CAMAC—(Stewed Oysters).—Take one hundred oysters, wash them well and put them in a pan without any liquor of the oysters, stew them up to the boiling point with a blade of mace, then take a tablespoonful of good butter with a small one of flour, cayenne pepper to your taste, mix it well with the oysters, when boiling add a tea-cup of cream and give it a final boil up.

They are better set aside and warmed up the next day. The liquor may be boiled with a large tablespoonful of butter, a small one of flour rubbed together with a pint of cream. Serve fresh soda biscuits to eat with it.

FRENCH MUTTON CHOPS.—Trim the long bones of the chops; dress them in egg, throw in crumbs seasoned with pepper and salt, fry them in two tablespoonfuls of lard, set them aside and let the grease drip from them.

Put the trimmings to stew in a little water, brown an onion in a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour and put it to stew with the trimmings; strain them, and when cool take the fat off. Put in this gravy two tablespoonfuls of tomato soy, one of mushroom catsup, if you choose some sweet basil.

WHITE SOUP.—Take a knuckle of veal, put to it three pints of water, a piece of ham as large as your hand an inch thick, the peel of half a lemon, a bunch of herbs tied in a piece of muslin, a small onion, and a little salt, let it boil gently two hours, strain it through the cullender. Take a pint of cream or new milk, with part of it mix very smoothly one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, put the rest into the stewpan, and when it boils put the soup to it, then let it boil and just as it boils up stir in the thickening, let it boil up once more and take it off immediately.

If you choose before putting in the thickening you may boil some macaroni in it.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—One pound of (the largest sized) hulled strawberries; one pound of best white sugar. Powder the sugar, and put half of it over the strawberries, in a porcelain kettle, and set them on the range, or stove, in a warm (not hot) place to draw some of the juice, and let them stand three or four hours; when the sugar is sufficiently moistened put them on a brisk fire and boil them twenty or thirty minutes, shaking the kettle all the time gently; be careful not to put a spoon in the preserves.

Have your jars or tumblers near the fire to heat, when the strawberries are done, put them boiling hot in the jars, cover them up and put them in a dark cool place. Not more than three pounds of fruit should be done at one time.

GLASGOW, Mo., April 15, 1865.

HOW TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET.—When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it in a vessel containing soap suds; this will nutrify the earth and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but attention to the fair creatures, as directed above, must be observed, or all will perish.

Horticultural Meetings.

St. Louis Horticultural Society.

SATURDAY April 8th, 1865.

The Society met. President Colman in the Chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. Colman on taking the Chair as President elect, returned his thanks for the honor conferred upon him by the Society, and promised that he would use his best endeavor to promote its prosperity. The success of the Society was a matter of great interest to ourselves and the community. Hitherto it has not been what could be called a success. It started fair, though under somewhat inauspicious circumstances, but formerly had creditable exhibitions of horticultural products. Under the new state of things in Missouri, the incubus of slavery being removed, everything will start anew, and with a new life and greater impulse. This Society necessarily will be the first to feel the invigorating influence of the new national life. But still one thing will be essential to make the society successful, and that is, it must have a suitable hall for holding its meetings. He thought that the State Board of Agriculture might join in securing a suitable hall for conducting the business of both. The State Board would soon be in possession of reports from cognate organizations in other States, and would require a hall or room to keep its library, &c. He therefore proposed that this society, with or without the co-operation of the State Board of Agriculture, and the State Horticultural Society, procure a suitable hall or room for holding its meetings; and to defray the expense thereof, that this society hold monthly exhibitions of horticultural products, such as fruits, flowers, &c. Notwithstanding the severe freeze this morning, the thermometer standing four degrees below the freezing point, he did not believe any material injury had been done to the fruit, and the crop would be abundant.

Dr. Edwards proposed the names of the Hon. Edward Bates, Dr. Julian Bates and Dr. S. F. Warner for members.

Mr. Tice stated for the information of the members, that the instrument referred to was De La Vergne's bellows, used successfully for years in France and Germany for the prevention of mildew on grapevines. The same instrument had been used in the vicinity of New York with astonishing success during the last year, not only arresting the mildew, so fatal to foreign vines in this country, but also in preserving the foliage of our native vines healthy and the fruit free from rot. It was also found an effective remedy against the thrips, so destructive to the foliage of the vine. The bellows is intended for sulphurating vines, gooseberries, or anything subject to mildew, and is said to operate expeditiously, say at the rate of five hundred vines per hour. One vineyard on the Hudson river used it last year with astonishing effect, and had neither mildew nor rot on five thousand grapevines, though he only used fifteen pounds of sulphur, and sulphurated his vines three times a day during the season. Mr. T. said that if any of the members wished the bellows to leave their names with him. He presumed that about four dollars would be the cost, delivered in St. Louis.

Mr. Saxton proposed Wm. Groschen, S. C. Wilson, G. W. Curtis, John Flourney, J. L. Tracey, G. R. Taylor and H. Paddleford as members.

The ballots being cast, the same were severally declared elected members of this society.

The Corresponding Secretary read the following letter:

SILVERHOOK NURSERY, LONG ISLAND, March 30, 1865.

JOHN H. TICE, Esq.—Dear Sir: Yours of the 19th inst. is at hand. I will furnish the bellows and apparatus complete at forty-six dollars per dozen, boxed; or the bellows simply for forty-three dollars and fifty cents per dozen, packed in one box.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES F. ERHARD.

The President asked Dr. Edwards whether he had witnessed any of its effects, or gathered any information respecting it, in his visit to vineyards in the East last fall.

Dr. Edwards said he heard Dr. Grant and others speak of it, and they all represented it as invaluable. So favorable were the reports from all who had used it that he was determined to have it believing it indispensable to success with those varieties of grapes inclined to unhealthy foliage.

Dr. Edwards proposed for the next meeting's discussion: "Small fruits; tried and profitable varieties for this market; their cultivation, &c., which was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Saxton it was

RESOLVED, That a committee be appointed to confer with the State Board of Agriculture to procure a room for their joint use.

The President appointed Messrs. Saxton, Edwards and Cossens, said committee.

On motion of Dr. Morse, the President was added to the committee.

On motion of Mr. Jordan, it was

RESOLVED, That one person be appointed each week, to designate the work for the ensuing week.

The President appointed Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Saxton presented to the Society a bottle of Herkemont wine to be tested.

Pronounced by the members an excellent light wine for table use.

Mr. Louis Wolf, wine merchant, Second street, St. Louis, also presented to the Society a bottle of Herkemont wine made by Wm. Poesschel, Hermann: found a superior article and highly recommended it.

On motion, the Society then adjourned, to meet again on Saturday next at the office of H. W. Lefingwell & Co., on Chestnut street, at eleven o'clock, A. M. JOHN H. TICE, Recording Secretary.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS,

Of Colman's Rural World.

The Patriot, Carrollton, Ill., says: This sterling agricultural journal is on our table, filled brimful of valuable matter, touching the Farm, Garden and Orchard. The paper is a beautiful one, and the very paper every farmer, gardener and fruit grower in the Mississippi valley should have.

The greatest men of the world have been the smallest sleepers. The dullest men are the greatest sleepers.

Our Terms.

The price of the RURAL WORLD AND VALLEY FARMER is TWO DOLLARS per year in all cases, except in clubs of four for six dollars.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

We shall issue our journal hereafter promptly on the first and fifteenth of each month. Some persons who have remitted, still consider it a monthly, and others think it a weekly. We were explicit in stating it would be issued twice every month.

FORM CLUBS.

Clubs can be formed at any time and for names at different post-offices. Additions to clubs are always in order.

FIRST NUMBER EXHAUSTED.

Such has been the increase in our subscription list since we changed the form of our Journal that the edition of Jan. 1 is entirely exhausted. Subscribers not receiving that number will therefore make a note of it, and their subscriptions will commence from Jan. 16th. This will not in any way hurt them, as each number is complete in itself.

The New Book!

DORA DARLING: The Daughter of the Regiment. Price, \$1.50.

"Among the attractive books of the season is 'Dora Darling, the Daughter of the Regiment,' published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston. It is one of the loveliest and most entertaining stories of the present war which has yet been produced. The army experience of a girl is something novel; and when the subject, as in this case, is treated with delicacy as well as vigor, the result is a volume of universal interest." —New York Evening Post.

"It will be a favorite." —Springfield Republican.

The New York Observer says, it is "a tale of the war, romantic and thrilling, with stirring incidents." * * * It will find many readers in the camp, and at the home fireside."

"Very spirited and graphically illustrated. No reader can help enjoying the book." —Salem Register.

Also, the following Popular Books:

HAUNTED HEARTS. By the celebrated author of "The Lamplighter," — Price, \$2.00

"It is superior to any other the author has yet produced." —New York Evening Post.

THE LIFE BOAT, — \$1.50

ENOCH ARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS. "Cambridge Edition," with Vignettes. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. \$1.50.

DREAMTHORP. By Alexander Smith. — \$2.00

J. E. TILTON & CO., Publishers, 161 Washington Street, Boston.

ap15-3t

Just Published, a New and Valuable Work.

THE FIELD AND GARDEN VEGETABLES OF AMERICA:

Describing

MORE THAN ELEVEN HUNDRED VARIETIES, How to raise them and how to use them; With nearly one hundred fine Engravings.

BY FEARING BURN, JR.

Second and Enlarged Edition,

With many new illustrations.

Price, \$5.00.

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The Volume Contains Full Descriptions, as follows:

Of the Beet,	twenty-eight varieties.
" Carrot,	" sixteen "
" Potato,	" fifty-one "
" Radish,	" twenty-eight "
" Turnip,	" forty-three "
" Bean,	" sixty-five "
" Corn,	" thirty "
" Pea,	" seventy-five "
" Tomato,	" twenty-four "
" Pepper,	" fifteen "
" English Bean,	" nineteen "
" Onion,	" twenty-seven "
" Squash,	" thirty-two "
" Celery,	" twenty "
" Lettuce,	" fifty-three "
" Cucumber,	" thirty-seven "
" Musk-melon,	" twenty-five "
" Water-melon,	" fifteen "
" Cauliflower,	" eleven "
" Cabbage,	" thirty-seven "
" Broccoli,	" thirty "
" Endive,	" sixteen "
" Borecole,	" twenty "

And hundreds of others, new to our gardens, including all that have been introduced within the last four or five years.

The Country Gentleman says: "The primary object is to give full descriptions of the vegetables common to the gardens of this country. The system of classification is clear and simple; and, after remarks upon the general characteristics of each species, the soil and fertilizers best suited to it, its propagation, culture, harvesting, obtaining seed for future use, and the purpose for which the plant is grown, we have the most complete and carefully prepared descriptions of all its chief varieties, domestic and foreign, with the peculiar merits or requirements of each at length. The programme of the work is thus more comprehensive than any other that has yet made its appearance in this country, or, as far as we are aware, in Great Britain." ap15-3t

Just Published, The New Book, by the Author of "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," &c.

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The demand for this new book is beyond that of any previous work. It will take

The First, The Second, and The Third Editions to supply the advance orders.

Owing to the certainty of Large Sales, the price is made 50 cents less than that for a book in moderate demand. Price, \$1.75. J. E. TILTON & CO., Publishers, 161 Washington St., Boston.

By the same Author: CUDJO'S CAVE, \$2. The same in illustrated paper covers, Traveler's edition, — \$1.50.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD, by the author of Cudjo's Cave, — \$2.00.

MARTIN MERRIVALE, by the same author, — \$2.00.

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HAWKEYE CULTIVATOR.

The above cut represents a back view of this favorite machine, now acknowledged to be without a superior, and wherever brought in competition with other cultivators it has taken the preference.

The Hawkeye excels other cultivators in its operation on side hills, in the fact that the depth of the plows is altered instantly to accommodate them to uneven surfaces, such as dead furrows.

It is also preferable to any other in stony or stony ground, as it is arranged so that no material part of the cultivator can be injured when the shovels strike an obstruction.

A pair of adjustable shields is furnished with each machine.

Its simplicity, strength, and the ease with which it is managed, will commend it to all.

Farmers in want of a cultivator, are requested to compare its merits with others before purchasing.

Send for circulars.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.

No. 56 North Second St., Saint Louis, Mo.

BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS.

I wish to announce to my friends and the readers of the "World" in particular, that I have just received a lot of the above-named instruments. A barometer is an indispensable article in every household, especially to the farmer, as it indicates the exact change in weather—and if he only knew the usefulness of the instrument, he would not hesitate to pay a small sum for an article that will save hundreds of dollars.

Price, from \$10 to \$25. No. 114 Market St.,

JACOB BLATTNER, OPTICIAN.

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Devoted to Northern Cane culture, improved Farm Machinery and Progressive Husbandry. This work affords the latest and most reliable information upon all matters relating to the Northern Cane enterprise, including the subjects: SEED, SOIL, CULTIVATION, and the operations of Harvesting, Grinding, Defecating, Evaporating, Refining, Graining, etc. Third volume commenced in January. Monthly, \$1.00 a year.

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Manufacturer of

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59 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

[apl-1y]

Nansemond Sweet Potato,

AND OTHER PLANTS.

We shall be prepared to furnish the following plants after the 20th of April.

Prices subject to change according to supply.

Late Cabbage, 60 cts. \$1.00, \$5.00 \$10.00

Celery, 25 " 1.00 " 100 "

Egg Plant, 25 " 1.50 " 100 "

Tomatoes, 20 " 1.00 " 100 "

Early Yellow Nansemond Sweet Potato, 60 cents \$1.00, \$5 per 1000

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Time for setting Sweet Potatoes until first

of July. —

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WESTERN NURSERIES, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The proprietor offers for sale, at wholesale or retail, a large assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, of most all kinds, and are of the best selected fruit for the West, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Grapes, &c., and all Small Fruits. Packing and shipping done

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25 North Main St.]

PLANT & BROTHER,

[St. Louis, Mo.]



STAFFORD'S SULKY CULTIVATOR.

3,000 sold in 1864. Will cultivate from 10 to 15 acres per day, doing away with all hard labor. Weight 370. Of this justly popular machine, we sold ONE HUNDRED last season, and could not get enough to fill our orders. Of all the Riding Cultivators yet introduced, this is the most simple in construction and substantial throughout. We are the general agents for KANSAS and MISSOURI. Price at Factory, \$10.

PLANT & BRO., 25 North Main Street, St. Louis.

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GET THE BEST.
THE BUCKEYE,
THE LEADING MACHINE OF ALL
REAPERS & MOWERS.



The success of the

BUCKEYE IS WITHOUT PARALLEL,

And has caused a perfect REVOLUTION in the manufacture of this class of machinery. Over 40,000 of them are in use in various parts of the United States. It is almost noiseless in operation; works well on any ground, side hills, marshes, or in any grass. It was the first machine that successfully mowed the salt meadows of the East, the marshes in Michigan, and the "Hog Wallow" Prairie in Texas. It is handled with such ease, that, in stony land and in orchards, it can be handled like a cart. IT HAS THE CUTTER BAR IN FRONT, giving the driver full view of his knives, and keeping him out of danger in case of runaway teams, so as not to come in contact with the knives, which is the case by all machines having the cutter bar behind. Come and see this great Machine, or send for a catalogue. In addition to the above we offer our customers, the

BUCKEYE HORSE HAY RAKE,
The Hawkeye Corn Cultivator,

See description in advertisement on page 62.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., Sole Agents,
No. 56 North Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

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CHAMPION SELF AND HAND RAKING
REAPERS & MOWERS & Single Mowers.
The Latest Improved Ohio
Machine.

Those wishing to purchase a harvester, are requested to call and examine this acknowledged CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD.

Haworth's Prairie State double check row Corn Planter
In which is combined in the GREATEST DEGREE all the qualities of a PERFECT MACHINE.

Herewith find out of celebrated
Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow.

Ride while you plow your corn.
Buckeye Sulky Corn Plow fully sustains all that
is claimed for it. Preferred over all others where-
ever introduced. Most simple in construction—
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Call and Examine.



Also, dealers in Rubber and
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ting Forks, Cider Mills, Plows,
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BUCKEYE WHEAT DRILLS,
VICTOR SORGHUM CANE MILLS,
COOK'S SORGHUM EVAPORATORS.

Van Brunt's 2-horse Broad Cast Seed Sowers.

We believe that in all of the above machines the public will find decided advantages over any other ma-
chines of the kind now in use. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves.

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE

Nonpariel Washing Machine, with Universal Wringer
Best in Use.

Pure and Reliable Garden Seeds, growth of 1864.

Send for Catalogues—furnished gratis

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,
NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

BUCKEYE CORN PLANTER.



The Best Planter Offered to the Farmer.

There are several reasons why this is the best Planter in use, and the following are a few of them, viz: It never cuts a grain of corn. It cannot choke. It never misses a hill, if the lever is moved. The corn is effectually covered. The driver sits on a seat that never tips down. The shoes rise above the ground themselves. This is the only machine in use, or that can be used, wherein that is the case, and that alone will please every man who sees it. The corn is dropped from cylinders provided with grooves which agitate and feed the kernels into the cups, and it never can miss a hill when the lever is moved.

Send in your orders early for the

BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER,

The only Machine that does the work to perfection, and has no equal in the world.

Also, Dealers in

Landreths' Celebrated Garden Seeds,

REVOLVING HORSE RAKES, SULKY RAKES, CUTTING BOXES, &c., AND THE

CELEBRATED MOLINE PLOWS.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE,
No. 56 North Second Street, above Pine, St. Louis, Mo.
Almanacs for 1865 and Illustrated Catalogues Furnished gratis.

The following poem appeared in the Ulster County (N.Y.) Gazette, in 1800, and was written by a young lady.

ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.
What mean that solemn dirge that strikes my ear?
What means those mournful sounds—why shines the
tear?

Why tell the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah! why those sighs that do my fancy ate!

Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
Those mournful badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—Yonder mournful noise!—tis done!—tis done!
The silent tomb invades our WASHINGTON.

Must virtues so exalted yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fail?—a glorious name!
What then are riches, honor and true fame?

The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—let the muse command;
Columbi's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies enshrin'd with numbers at his side!

There let the sigh respondent from the breast,
Heave in rich numbers!—let the glowing zest
Of tears resolute beam with grateful love;
And sable mourning our affliction prove.

Weep! kindred mortals, weep! no more you'll find,
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing angels hail, with heavenly sage!
Celestial spirits greet the wonder of the age!

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

THE BIBLE.

I am called a man of the world, a skeptic, an infidel, &c. But "wicked" as I am, I love to read the Bible. There are times when no book is so welcome—none like the old family Bible left me by my father, thumbed by him each morning and evening, his face having looked on these very leaves so dimmed by time. It also takes me still farther back—to my mother's knee; for here her face was also reflected, and here she taught me out of this volume. It is, therefore, a treasure in this one sense of remembrance. But its precepts—there are none like it—nothing like its morality; and its history is as hallowed and entertaining as no other is. Look at its prophecies, its psalms, its proverbs. But most of all, the Bible is the concentration of wisdom. It has all the knowledge that went before it, and points to that of the future.

Of an evening, when tired, discouraged—when the world has been hard upon me—when comfort, of all things, is the most that I need: it is then that I turn to the Bible. Here I find consolation—else there is none for me. If the old books fail to reach me, the New Testament is sure to suit me. The promises here are what they are nowhere else. In reading the New Testament at such a time, there is nothing like it. It is the only reliever, consoler, when all other things fail.

Was there ever such a character as the SAVIOR? So Benevolent! No! there never was. There have been good men; but they have had their infirmities, their weaknesses of humanity; of even the best phase of human nature. But here is pure, unsullied benevolence. There needs but penitence, and the worst sinner is in rapport with the divine teacher. You may rely here. Where else can you go? Mere human aid, though of the best kind, will be apt to fail, for it is subject to weakness. The Son of Man has more than this—he has the attributes of Divinity. There is no higher than he; and he is all-sufficient!

We are so accustomed to rulers, ruling hard, that when we come under the influence of the Great Teacher, we find at once a refuge—a security. Yes, we are safe in this rock—safe absolutely—safe beyond peradventure. It is, therefore, that I frequently turn, not only to the hallowed pages of the Old Testament; but in my afflictions to the New. It will do to read the Bible till late in the night—to go to sleep upon it—to dream about it—to rise in the morning with its precepts and influence upon you.

But for pure pleasure—pleasure merely—I find the Bible one of the best of books. Sit down and read, it matters little where, and let the influence gather around you. It will. It matters not what may be the subject of your thoughts—the Bible has the counterpart. There has nothing been done in human affairs, but the Bible is acquainted with it; you find the thing there fully recorded, with increased force and illustration. It is eminently the book of wis-

dom. It cannot be studied too much. It suits all ages and all men. The wicked Byron was fond of it; he drew inspiration from it, and the world is better for Byron's acquaintance with the Bible. Nothing can pollute it; it defiles nothing.

It is a refuge—ah! what a refuge for the weary man! the oppressed, the sin-stricken. Its promises take him in, and protect him. And the Bible, to be read by your children, is the best of all, as it prepares them for men and women, who will read it more interestingly—for then it is a boon hallowed with life's associations.



BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER.

We are making this justly celebrated Machine, and farmers wishing to purchase, would do well to send in their orders early.

For particulars and prices, send for circulars.

Kingslands & Ferguson,
Corner of Second and Cherry Sts., St. Louis.

P. M. PINCKARD,
STATIONER, PRINTER & BOOKBINDER,

Nos. 78 and 80 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Invites the attention of Booksellers, Country Merchants, School Teachers and others, to his full and complete stock of SCHOOL BOOKS, WRITING PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, MASONIC BOOKS AND BLANKS, FAMILY BIBLES, STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS, SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, &c.

I have for sale

Sorgho or the Northern Sugar Plant,
By Isaac A. Hedges, 12 mo. cloth. Price, sent by mail,
75 cents.

County Offices supplied with Blank Books and Stationery, at reasonable rates. Blank Books of any required pattern made to order, at short notice.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention and will be filled at as low figures as if the purchaser were present. Address orders to

P. M. PINCKARD,

Nos. 78 and 80 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

EVERGREENS.

A SPLENDID STOCK OF

Norway Spruce,
Scotch Pine,
Balsam Fir,
European Silver Fir,
Amer. and Siberian Arbor Vitæ,
White Pine,
Hemlock Spruce,
Black Spruce,
White Spruce,
From two to eight feet high. Price, \$1 to \$5
each, according to size.

Also the Savin, Mahonia, Box Tree, Evergreen Thorn, Yucca, &c., Price \$1 each.

Norman J. Colman,
St. Louis Nursery.

R. S. King. B. M. Million.

KING & MILLION
Agents for the sale of

Missouri and Illinois Lands,

No. 39 Pine St., first door east of Third, St. Louis, Mo.

Will attend to the

Payment of Taxes for Non-resident Land Owners.

Commission Reasonable.

For sale—MISSOURI & ILLINOIS LAND, improved and unimproved, in quantities to suit purchasers.

THE JOHN H. MANNY

Improved

REAPER & MOWER

Self-Rake, Hand Rake,
Mower.

This machine, made at

Rockford, Ills.,

Is especially adapted to the wants of the

FARMERS OF THE WEST.

As a Combined Reaper & Mower,

It has enjoyed an excellent reputation for years; yet

it has progressed in improvements till the

Improved Jno. H. Manny

At this time so far exceeds that made several years ago, that the farmer acquainted only with the old machine, must see and witness the work of the new Improved John H. Manny, to fully realize its superiority.

SELF-RAKE

Has been added to the machine, which works with a steady motion, free of jerks, requiring less power to operate it than that of any other rake. It is controlled by the driver who regulates the size of the bundles. Following is the testimony of one out of many farmers who have used the machine with the Self-Rake.

Red Oak, Cedar Co., Iowa, Oct. 22, '64.

Messrs. Hecht & Reed, Agents for Manny Reaper.

Sir—The J. H. Manny Reaping and Mowing machine

I bought of you answered every expectation as a reaper, and far exceeded it as a mower. I had but a small harvest. I cut about 80 acres of small grain and mowed about 30 acres of grass, and had no trouble in the least; not a box or bearing got hot. The self-raking apparatus is a complete success, working like a charm, and so easy to drive that I consider it a great advantage to the team. We cut and raked some very weedy wheat and very heavy oats, lodged and tangled every way, and full of "morning glory." The machine appears to have no side draft, one span of horses operating it easily at a very slow walk. I did not think it would move my sloughs, as they were thickly set with Red Top, lodged and tangled badly. I got a Ball machine and tried it for two or three hours; had to lay it by; it would not work at all. I then tried the Manny; it went through without any trouble. In a word, the machines are all and more than you claim for them. All who have seen mine work, admire it for its lightness of draft, good raking and clean cutting. Yours truly, JOSEPH PATTERSON.

THE HAND RAKE

Is unsurpassed by any other machine in point of work—and it is considered an easy job to fork the grain off the machine. Here is what the farmers say. I take simply one out of their statements, to-wit:

Adel, Adair Co., Iowa, Dec. 1, '64.

W. A. K.: Dear Sir—As to my machine I do not see any place where it could be improved. Your double motion in a combined machine is just the thing for the farmer. A great many kind of machines are used here. The Buckeye seems to mow nice, but it clogs in heavy grain where there is large weeds, where the Manny would cut a whole family of them, and go right along without any trouble. M. H. SHEPPARD.

The John H. Manny Self-Rake and Hand Rake,

Are both combined machines, and

will mow as well as reap.

The late improvements consist in part as follows:

Two sizes bevel gearing.

Enlarged drive and grain wheels.

Adjustable seat for driver.

Adjustable support and spring seat for forker.

Iron cutter bar and new guard.

Balance wheel, new pitman, hollow wrist pin.

Wide boxes for journals.

New arrangement of lever.

Double shive for reel.

Patent adjustable gathering divider.

Notwithstanding that

MOWER

OF THE IMPROVED JOHN H. MANNY

COMBINED MACHINE,

Is in every respect sufficient for cutting all kinds of grass, a separate and distinct

John H. Manny Mower,

Is made, to keep pace with the requirements of the farmers. The following is given among many statements:

Anderson, Clayton Co., Iowa, Nov. 9, 1864.

W. A. Knowlton, Agent: Dear Sir—The first day I started with my machine was in a 20 acre patch of clover, and half or more lodged. Two of my neighbors came to see it start. I went five or six rounds first-rate, and it commenced to rain; I wanted to stop, but they were not satisfied, and I kept on, it raining like all vengeance. They thought the machine would get clogged, but there was no clog to it. They all had machines of their own, and they could not go half around the clover field without clogging; but they went home well wet, and satisfied that the machine could not be beat. I have reaped by the side of the Ball and the J. P. Manny, but the J. H. Manny is better than either of them. J. BAXTER.

BURSON'S GRAIN BINDER

Can be had with the John H. Manny Machine.

Farmers be sure that you get the

JOHN H. MANNY REAPER & MOWER,

If you wish to get a machine that

will surely cut your grain

and grass.

Send for a pamphlet and further particulars.

W. P. PENN,

Agent,

No. 15 Vine Street, between Main and Second,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

PROBLEMS

A LARGE NUMBER OF

THOROUGHBRED TROTTING HORSES

FOR SALE.

The unsettled condition of Kentucky having compelled me to remove from thence, I now offer at private sale all of my horse stock, consisting of stallions, brood mares, horses in training, and young stock. The stallions include Lexington, Scythian, Australian, Pilot Jr., Edwin Forrest and others. The brood mares embrace some of the most noted mares in the United States—among them are the dam of Norfolk, with foal by her side; also, the dam of Asteroid, with foal by her side; also, the dam of Bay Flower and Beacon, with foal by her side, dam of Florida and Rendine, dam of Mollie Jackson, dam of Thunder and Lightning, dam of Marmora and Magenta, and many others, bred or to be bred to Lexington, Australian and Scythian. Also, Idlewild, Asteroid, and several brothers to Norfolk and Bay Flowers.

The horses in training are at the Cincinnati track. The thoroughbred brood stock are at Williamsburg, Sangamon County, Ill., and the trotting brood stock are now at Montgomery, about 40 miles from Chicago, on the Burlington and Quincy Railway. The young stock are still on my farm in Kentucky. Any one desiring to purchase any of the abovenamed stock may address D. Levigert, Williamsburg, Sangamon Co., Ill., or to the undersigned, care of Waller & Co., Chicago, Ill. R. ATCHISON ALEXANDER.

ap15—2t

GEO. HUSMANN.

G. O. MANWARING

HERMANN NURSERY.

HUSMANN & MANWARING, Proprietors,

HERMANN, MO.

Having much increased our business, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to our large and complete assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs comprising the choicest varieties of Apples, Pears, standard and dwarf; Cherries, standard and dwarf; Peaches, Plums, Apricots, Almonds, Quinces, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Blackberries, Shadberries, and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines and Creepers, Roses, Dahlias, and other Plants, Scions of Fruit Trees, Cuttings and Seedlings of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.

Most of the varieties were tested here, and have proved successful in our soil and climate, and all are warranted true to name.

We would call the special attention of Grape Growers to our large assortment of native hardy grapes, comprising over sixty of the choicest varieties, which we have spared no pains nor cost to procure from the most reliable sources. Many of them have been tested here, and all will be tested in the open vineyard, and we shall recommend none until we have found them successful. This we may now confidently do with Norton's Virginia, Herbeumont, Missouri and Concord, they having been tested beyond a doubt.

Descriptive Catalogues sent gratis to all applicants. Orders directed to us personally or to our local agents, will be promptly and carefully filled.

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